

T W O
O D E S

From the *Latin* of the Ce-
lebrated *R A P I N*, Imitated
in *English* K

P I N D A R I C K S.

By a Gentleman at *Cambridge*.

*'Tis true Composing is the Nobler Part,
But good Translating is no Easy Art.
Roscommon, on Translated Verse.*

L O N D O N.

Printed by J. M. for Robert Mawson, at the
Bible and Star in Ave-Mary-Lane. 1710.

TWO

OLD

From the Library of the
British Museum



PRINTED BY

By a Gentleman at Cambridge.

HAVING to favourable
Opportunity

Kind Entertainment at

Printed by J. M. at the

TO THE

Right Worshipful

Sir *Henry Chauncy*, Kt.

Serjeant at Law.

Honour'd Sir,

HAVING so favourable an
Opportunity, During my
Kind Entertainment at Serjeants-

The DEDICATION.

Inn, of reviewing these Trifles;
I could not but think my self
in *Gratitude* Oblig'd to lay 'em at
your Feet.

A Poor return indeed, for such
an heap of Obligations you have
from my Infancy continued to lay
upon me! But your *Goodness* is
such, as gives me Room to hope
you will accept ev'n *this Poor Mite*,
in part of Payment.

Should I take this Opportunity
of Displaying to the World those
many *Illustrious Virtues*, which
you

The DEDICATION.

you with so much Industry endeavour to Conceal from all Eyes but those of *Heaven*; I should undertake a Task, too great for my Pen to perform, as well as offensive to that unparrallel'd *Modesty* which so Eminently Adorns all your Actions.

Leaving therefore so truly Pleasant and Copious a Subject, I wish you still many happy Years to continue an Ornament to your Honourable Profession, and an Un-speakable Blessing to all that have the Happiness of your Relation
and

The DEDICATION.

and Friendship ; and that you may
Late arrive a Glorious Addition
to the Heavenly Choir, is the
Heartly Prayer of

Honour'd Sir,

Your most Dutiful Grandson,

And most Oblig'd

Humble Servant,

Francis Bragge.

**TO THE
READER.**

ALL the account I shall at present give of this Translation, or rather as I call it in the Title-Page, Imitation of the celebrated Rapin, is, that about two Years ago I wrote it for my own Diversion at Leisure Hours, and having Lately heard that a Copy taken at the Second or Third Hand was going to the Press, I chose rather to Print it my self, then Suffer for the faults of a hasty Transcriber.

These

To the READER.

These two Odes are esteemed as Beautiful as any in that Famous Author; and I hope the English ones may be thought to retain Something of the Original Excellencies. As they are, I leave 'em to the Impartial Judgment of the Candid and Ingenuous Reader. But for the Snarling Criticks, as this peice was never design'd to please them, so neither am I at all Sollicitous about what they shall say of it. Only this I desire, that they who shall think fit to pass any Judgment upon it would first compare it with the Original.

O D E

(1)
To the READER
ODE

THE FIRST.

JESUS Playing with his Mother in the Garden; in which is Describ'd the Beauty of the Country.

*Ecquis hic autem Puer Innocentes
Qui Parat Lusus? &c.*

I.

O! Tell me who's this Lovely Child?
All Innocence and Play,
Who Wantons ore the Flow'ry
(Field,
So Pretty and so Gay?

B

Sure

Sure by yon bending Hills unusual Nod,
 And by this trembling Rivulet Below,
 Which stops—and seems a *Deity* to know,
 He must be—and he is—the *Son of GOD*.

Art thou the Glory of the Stars?

The first of all that is or was?

The Image of the God of Love;

The Mighty Son of Mighty *Jove*?

Art thou the Lofty Thunderer,

Who Trodd'st upon the Highest Star?

And now among the Lillies dost thou Play;

And Sport on Beds of Flow'rs the time

(away?

Sure happy Virgin, 'tis below

Thy Glorious Son to trifle so:

Bid him go Mount the Chariot of the Sun;

And urge the Lazy Planets on.

(2)

(3)

Before the Spacious Curtain of the Sky,
Upon the boundless *Vacuum* came;
Above the CHAOS he did fly,
And 'ere Old Time was Born, he said, I AM.

II.

Yet if thy Heav'nly Boy will deign,
To stoop so Low as a Poor Earthly Plain;
And hallow these our Country Bow'rs,
Where kindly *Zephyrs* kiss the Springing
(Flow'rs:

In yonder Field's a Lovely Scene
Of Charming Solitudes and vast delight;
The Skies are all the Day Serene,
And Gentle Breezes Murmur all the Night.
The Earth is always soft and always Gay;
A downy Moss 'orespreads the Way,
Lest any ruder Stone should chance to meet,
And hurt the Little Infants Feet.

Or would you choose of Fragrant Flow'rs
(to make

A circ'ling Garland for his Head ;
Or with those tender Fingers would you take
A Nose-gay from each Smiling Bed ;

This happy Soil is rich in ev'ry Sweet :

The Snowy Lilly, and the Blushing Rose,
And Purple Violet their *Maker* greet,

And all their Spicy Bosoms do to him Dis-
(close.

The Trees 'orecharg'd with fruit their
(Branches bow,

And Plenty strews her Blessings thro' the
(Plain ;

While Mighty Vineyards Crown the Moun-
(tains' Brow,

Vast Crops of Corn *below*, Invite the Swain.

III.

Or is a Chrystal Fountain your Delight?
 And Meadows wash'd with Silver
 (Streams,
 Which with a Sacred Murmur Glide,
 Inviting soft repose and Pleasant Dreams?
 Not far from hence there steals along the Shore
 A Little Rivulet; whose Waters clear,
 Were ne'er Disturb'd; no Ship *could* enter
 (there
 Nor did it ever feel a *Lasbing* Oar.

One unmix'd Istream, and from *one* head it flows,
 And softly purling as it goes;

The Rustling Winds in Consort Blow,
 And as it Murmurs by, they Murmur too.
 An Oozy Bank attends its wanton Play,
 And sacred Willows *Venerably* Gray,
 Under their Gloomy shade its Waters hide,

Which Unperceiv'd in quick *Meanders* Glide.

IV.

IV.

But why should I go on in num'rous Verse,
The Country Pleasures to Rehearse?
Thy Lovely Child is all the Country's Joy;
The Country *Smiles* to see the *Smiling Boy*.
See! Yonder happy Swain supinely laid
Under an Elms Auspicious shade;
How he repeats his tender Loves
And hears 'em Loudly Eccho'd thro' the
(Groves!
Hark! how the Valleys Laugh and
(Sing!
With shouts of Joy the Mountains Ring.
See! how the Rural Nymphs advance,
And Jolly Shepherds lead the Dance.
The Bleating Lambs Rejoyce and Play,
The Warb'ling Tenants of the Air,
Their part in the *Harmonious Consort* bear;
And Nature all around looks *Blithe and Gay*.

VVhile

While o'er the Mountains gentle Zephyrs
 (Blow,
 And Circ'ling Streams, refresh the Vale Be-
 (low.

Such was the happy state of Innocence,
 E'er Guilt and Mis'ry did Commence,
 When *VIRTUE* in her Brightest Lustre
 (shone
 And fordid *VICE* remain'd as yet un-
 (known.

V.

If in a Sultry Day, the heat you fear
 Behold a spacious Arbor here;
 An *Awful*, yet a *Pleasant* shade
 By Mighty Elms extended Branches made.
 Yon spreading Oak the King of all the Grove
 Which claims to be the Tree of *Jove*.
 Presents a Noble Canopy,
 Worthy thy Son, and worthy Thee.

There

There let him Play and Wanton in the shade,
Or in thy Lap repose his weary Head;
Whilst I in never dying Verse

Thine, and thy Lovely Infants Praise rehearse

(8)
(9)
There let him Play and Work on in the shade
Or let him sleep in the shade
And why the Universe is pale?
Which the Morning Moon, the black
her Wedding
O D E

THE SECOND.

*The Suffering GOD, in Imitation
of Rapins Christus Patiens.*

*Nube quis clari rutilum corusca,
Solis Extinxit jubar ater horror, &c.*

I.

WHAT Dark and Dismal shade is this?
What Gloomy Sadness spreading
(o'er the Skies?

What Black and Melancholy Vail,
Which covers Mourning Natures Face?

C

VWhy

(110)

Why has th' Affrighted Sun forsook his
(Place?)

And why the Universe so Pale?

Why does the Trembling Moon, turn back
her Weeping Eyes?

Sure, there was never cause of grief like this!

The Sun beheld the DEITY,

Beheld his Maker Hanging on a Tree.

He saw—and started back—and hid his
(Face,

Asham'd to shew his own Created Rays,

When once he'd seen the Source of
(Light,

Th' Eternal God, involv'd in Night.

But where should I begin? where should I end
This *Sad*, if there was ever *Sad* Complaint?

Shall I relate his *Flesh* with *Scourges* torn,
And how he bore the *Pain*, and how he bore
(the *Scorn*?
Or what is stranger yet, that *Man* could dare
To pierce the *GOD* of *Nature* with a *Spear*?

Shall I tell how the *Softer Rock*,

When cover'd 'ore

With *Heav'nly Gore*;

Unable to sustain the shock

Of so *Impetuous* and so *just* a *Grief*;

Burst—and its *Stony Heart* did into peices
(cleave?

Or *Jesus*! shall I tell thy *Bloody Sweat*,

When on the *Flow'ry top* of *Olivet*;

Thou saw'st approaching near

The *Dreadful Hour*,

How exquisite thy Pangs, how earnest was
(thy Prayer!

Then what a Flood of Gore,
Ran down, and Scarlet dy'd each Briny
(Tear?

A wond'ring Angel saw the Trembling God,
Saw all his Grief, but wonder'd more,

To see his Love Triumphant o're his Fear;
To see him take the Cup, and kiss his Fa-
(thers Rod.

III.

Whether Audacious Man! O whether dost
(thou go?

Hold in thy Desp'rate hand, and see
It is the humble Deity!

O! Wound not him who Loves thee so,
All this he Suffers for Redeeming thee.

Yet while I speak, Behold! The Armed
(Throng
Pours like a Mighty Torrent in;

See!

See! how they drag the Patient GOD along,
 Who feels not half so quick, their Fury as
 (their Sin.

The Impious Crowd upon him Press
 One tears his Hair, another wounds his Face;
 And all with Eager Zeal contend,
 Who shall the most abuse their greatest Friend.

So when with stinging hunger Mad,
 Th' Hyrcanian Lyons range the Forrest o're;
 Terror thro' all the Flocks and Herds they
 (spread,

And ev'ry trembling Shepherd Flies before;
 If 'ere a Tender Lamb is left behind,
 Not to one Savage does the Victim fall;

But with contending fierceness all,
 Tear Limb from Limb, and into Atoms Grind.

IV.

And can the avenging Thunder hold
And let such *Monstrous* Guilt unpunish'd go?
Sure, *Heav'n* is self afraid, to see so Bold
And so *Triumphant* Wickedness below!

As well it may, since GOD must plead his
(Cause
Before a *Mortal* Judge, and fall by *Human*
(Laws.

'Twas Night, and all things hush'd, in a
(short liv'd repose,
Nature oppress'd with Grief had fall'n asleep,
Only the *Silver Moon* sat up to weep,

And restless *Malice* Rase,

The Raving *Jews* each other call,
And Drag the wearied *Jesus* to the Hall.

O! Let me ne'er Describe the Dismal Scene
Of that sad Night! How peircing was his
(Pain!

How

How many Cruel Stripes in *that sad Night*
(he Bore,

Yet nought return'd but Tears and
(Gore.

All that the Maddest Fury could Invent,

All that Revenge could Wish, or Guile
(could Fear,

Or Keenest Hatred ever meant,

All this and more——

In that *one Dismal Night* they made him Bear;

And thought it not enough, but Crown'd
(the rest

With Scornful Jeers, and made their GOD,
(their Jest.

Scarce had *Aurora* show'd the coming *Day*;
Light

And *Phœbus* from his Watry Bed,

Rowz'd up his *Fiercy Steeds*, and Chas'd
(away the *Night*,

When

When all Amaz'd, he Look'd, and of a
(Bloody Red.

Trembling he saw th' enrag'd Crow'd,

Asbire for their Redeemers Blood,

Trembling he heard their Horrid Cry

Reading the Air with Crucify.

Crucify him does all the Place Resound,

Crucify him, th' unwilling Hills Rebound.

The Judge perceiv'd his spotless Innocence,

Try'd to Allwage

Their swelling Rage;

And gave him to be Scourg'd for no Offence;

Away with Eager hast they bear

Th' Afflicted G O D.

Still new and greater Torments they prepare,

Naked they rye their Maker to a stake,

Then with a twisted prickly Rod

Then unrelenting Soldier Tears his Back;

Again

Again renews the stroke, and opens ev'ry
 (Wound;
 Again the Ecchoing Walls the *Hissing* stroke
 (Rebound.

VI.

Now, thick as Summers Hail or Winters
 (Rain,
 (When with a mighty Deluge Big

The teeming Clouds upon a Mountain
 (break)

The trickling Blood pours down from
 (ev'ry Vein.

And all the Slipp'ry Pavements cover'd o're,
 With Scarlet streams, or knots of *Clotted*
 (Gore.

This did th' avenging Father see
 Beheld his suff'ring Son in all his Agony,
 And yet in ne'er a Cloud of Thunder spoke,
 Nor Crush'd 'em down to Hell, with one
 (Almighty Stroke.

A Diadem of peircing Thorns they made,
 And Crown'd at once, and Tore his ten-
 (der Head.

A Reed they for a Scepter bring,
 Cry Hail! and Bow the Knee, and Mock
 (their *Bleeding King*.

They see with *Horrid Joy*, the streaming
 (Blood

Down from his wounded Temples
 (pour,

They see his Face with Scars disfigur'd o'er,

And *Laughing* say--Behold the Son of GOD!

Now does the Workman rend the sturdy
 (Oak,

And *Unconcern'd* redoubles ev'ry stroke.

Securely He the fatal *Engine* makes,

While at the Dreadful sight *Affrighted Na-*
 (ture shakes.

VII.

'Tis Done---and *Jesus* bears away his Cross,
 The Scene of all his *Triumphs*, all his *Woes*,
 'Gainst mighty *Death* he goes to take the
 (Field
 Resolv'd to *Conquer*, yet Resolv'd to *Teild*.
 And now he sinks below th' unequal
 (weight
 Of such a Load as *Sin* and *that*,
 Too soon they fear his Pains would
 (cease,
 And out of *Cruel Pity* lend a little Ease.
 Another takes the Cross; and on they go
 To *Lofty Golgotha's* Aspiring Brow.
 Thrice did the trembling Mountain
 (found,
 And thrice the hollow Caverns groan'd.
 All Nature into dire *Convulsions* fell
 To see the *Drooping Heav'ns*, and hear the
 (Shouts of *Hell*!

The hard'ned *Jews* alone with Fury Blind,
 Stretch forth their Naked G O D ;
 His Hands & Feet upon the *Cross* they Bind,
 And fix with Nails unto the *Groaning* Wood.
 Aloft the *Pond'rous* Trunk they rear ;
 And poize their Bleeding *Maker* in the Air.
 Amazing sight ! between two *Theives* to
 (see
Him hanging on one *Slender Tree*,
 Who the Prodigious weight——of all the Sins
 (——of the whole World did Bear ?

VIII.

Why *Nature* dost thou Blush ? why Trem-
 (ble so ?
 It was not *thou* that wert to Blame
 Not all *thy Pow'rs* th' amazing Deed could
 (do ;
 'Twas *Love* that bore the *Crime*, 'twas *Love*
 (that bore the *Shame*.

A Daring Soldier stabs the th' *Expiring* God
 And down there pours a Rapid Stream of
 (*Blood.*

No longer could th' *Affrighted* Sun Behold .

So Monstrous and so sad a sight ;

But headlong to the *Ocean* rowl'd

And hid his Blushes in the Vail of Night.

Each *Trembling Mountain* shook its Snowy
 (*Head,*

The all Devouring Grave gave up her Dead.

The *Temples* sacred *Vail* was rent in Twain,

And all things felt their Makers grief,
 (but *Man.*

Back to their Fountains did the Rivers flow,

And falling Hills their Channels fill'd Below.

The hardest Rocks in peices broke,

And all the Earths Foundations shook;

While o'er the City Frightful Ghosts appear,

And horrid Spectres fill the Dusky, Trou-
 (bled *Air.*

Thou *Jesus!* did the hollow Grotts Bemoan,
And all were melted into Pearly Tears.

For thee the Lyons and *Getulian* Bears

For thee th' *Armenian* Tygers Groan.

Each purling Stream ran Murm'ring thro'
(the Plain,

And told in *Hollow* Sighs its *Makers* Pain.

O'er all the World a *Pompous Sorrow* spread,
All things were Sad, for GOD himself lay Dead.

And, while the Savage Lyons grieve,

Shall hard'ned *Man* alone refuse to give

His Tributary share of Flowing Tears,

Upon his Meek *Redeemers* Hearse?

O! Let him weep a Mighty Flood,
Strong as his Saviours Love, and Reeking as
(his Blood.

Let

Let ev'ry Distant Shore his Griefs-resound;
 Nor let his Sorrows ever stay,
 Till he has wash'd those *Sins* away,
 Which *Criticised* his God, and gave the *Fatal*
(Wound,

FINIS.

(his Blood.

Let

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